

# Something Out of the Ordinary

by Kitskune Miyake

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Summary: The realization that his behavior was oddly protective didn't weigh heavily on his mind like he thought they would. To him, it only made sense. But not in a boyfriend sense, nope, nosiree!

KageHina with a dash of jealousy. Rated for language

## Something Out of the Ordinary

First thing's first, I apologize for the fact that Google Docs doesn't support long dashes, which really screws up my formatting.

Second thing's second, I'm really digging sports anime all of a sudden so someone halp!

Please leave feedback!

\* \* \*

><p>It was a short walk from the school to the gym, so why was Hinata taking so long? Kageyama stewed silently as he started stretching, eyes glued to the door in search of his idiot spiker. Wait, no, Hinata was not <em>his</em> idiot spiker, simply just an idiot spiker.

"Kageyama-kun." He snapped to attention at the sound of Sugawara's voice. "Hinata's just a little delayed. It's no good if you just create premature wrinkles over something so silly." His mentor smiled lightly, but Kageyama really wasn't in the mood.

"Where is he, anyways? He's always so eager to practice-"

"SORRY I'M LATE, EVERYONE!" Hinata stumbled noisily into the gym, barely pulling his shirt over his sweet, sweet-no, they were not sweet! That was just his incredibly average stomach. He definitely

did not see the budding muscles that were carving into the boy's skin. "Ready to go!"

In an instant, Kageyama was at his side. "Where the hell were you? You're usually here early." His arms were crossed angrily.

Hinata flinched at the sight of the angry setter. Scary! he thought to himself. "I-uh-" He was saved by Coach Ukai, who called the team around for a quick pep talk, which was probably going to be the same as the one from the previous day.

"Alright, so I think I know what you're all thinking. 'It's the middle of the season-' he mimicked in a terrible falsetto "'-why are we working so hard?' Well, if that's the case, then you are absolutely free to-"

A loud, obnoxious pop song blared from the other side of the gym, it's epicenter indeterminate to all but one. "Sorry, Coach!" Hinata jumped. "I gotta take this call." His face was unusually happy, considering how enraptured he was with Ukai's speeches and how loath he usually was to miss one.

Coach Ukai's face twisted. "Hinata-!" But the boy had already taken off towards the opposite side of the gym. "Ten extra laps for you!" Ukai called after him. The light-haired boy didn't seem to hear but quickly took off.

"He's awfully cheery." So Kageyama wasn't the only one to notice. Sugawara nodded knowingly. "Oh, to be young and in love."

"He isn't the only first year," Kageyama insisted, gesturing at himself, Tsukishima, and Yamaguchi. "He just acts...wait, what?"

"Oh, I guess I shouldn't have said that." His words were apologetic, but his tone was coy, teasing in the sense that this setter knew something the other one didn't. He didn't explain anything though, simply turning away and heading to the net. Hinata came back almost at the same time, breaking into a run to make up for the late start.

Kageyama couldn't practice. Well, that's a misnomer. Kageyama practiced, but it wasn't very good. He couldn't concentrate, not with the thought of some girl romancing Hinata. He barely put the ball back in the air with a toss, much to the spiker's (Tsukishima's) chagrin.

"Oi, quit staring at your boyfriend and focus on me!"

"Boy-? Hinata isn't my boyfriend!"

"Then quit acting like you're his."

Oh.

Oh.

He really was being a boyfriend. Well shit.

Hinata didn't seem to have heard the comment, all too focused on

Sugawara's toss.

\_But why didn't he tell me?\_

Practice wasn't particularly memorable for Kageyama, his thoughts swimming with Hinata. The realization that his behavior was oddly protective didn't weigh heavily on his mind like he thought they would. To him, it only made sense. But not in a boyfriend sense, nope, nosiree! Hinata was clumsy and an even bigger idiot than him. He was like a five year old that needed constant supervision. A puppy. Even so, he should not care so much about this idiotic, adorable piece of shit.

Nope. Not adorable. Not at all.

But denial is a river that runs dry very quickly, and it wasn't long before even Kageyama couldn't lie to himself. The puppy behavior had forcefully ingratiated itself to him, and he was smitten without his realization. When did that happen? By the end of practice, he decided to get it over with, like ripping off a bandage. He mustered up enough courage to confess and approached Hinata.

He didn't see the phone.

But he heard Hinata's laugh. "Natsu, don't be silly. Yeahâ€¦ mhmm, alright, I'll meet you there later. Yeah, it's a little late, but they'll be open." He had a slight smile on his face, giddy and excited. "Okay, see you later." He closed his phone with a smile.

\_Oh.\_

His resolve crumbled as he backpedaled and fled too quickly to be casual. His stomach did a somersault into his chest, but he swallowed it down. That's what he got, though. He had been hasty, and obviously that wasn't going to work out. He grabbed his stuff and changed quickly, foregoign a shower or any socialization with his team mates. After getting far enough away from school, he felt his heart loosen up its grip on his vocal cords.

"Dammit."

Dammit, dammit dammit! He should'veâ€¦ dammit, that really suckedâ€¦ dammit, that dumbass. Dumbass Hinata with his stupid puppy dog personality and sparkling eyes andâ€¦ dammit.

He couldn't sleep. He couldn't focus the next day. The normally hot-tempered boy was surprisingly subdued, so observed the other students. He seemed incredibly spaced out, even forgetting to start eating lunch. He wasn't hungry, not with this sick reminder floating in his head. Hinata had a girlfriend, and by the sounds of it he was utterly smitten. A losing battle if he tried to tell Hinata. He was pretty twisted to his classmate, erratic with his emotions; there was zero reason for Hinata to actually like him.

He heard someone clear their throat. He hadn't realized that he zoned out. He flicked his eyes upwards, only to see the last person he wanted to see. "What?" It was cold, sharp, cutting.

Hinata didn't seem fazed. "Uh, could I talk to you? Outside?"

Yeah, rub salt in the wound, why don't you? "Sure." The curt reply was accompanied with a shrug, and he looked at Hinata expectantly. "Well?"

"Outside. Um, I'd prefer if we could talk outside, actually." So he could spare him humiliation in front of the entire class, okay.

"Whatever." He stepped in front and led the other outside, leaning against the wall in an overly casual stance, looking down at Hinata with a less-than-enthusiastic gaze.

Hinata was twitchy, more so than usual. He was probably searching for the words to reject his non-confession. Who'd he even hear it from? Maybe he had heard Tsukishima's comment, that bastard. "Ah, annoâ€| wouldyougooutwithme?"

His words were loud and run together, but they echoed clearly in Kageyama's head. Would you go out with me? What? "What?"

Hinata visibly winced. "Um, it's justâ€|" He wasn't looking Kageyama in the eye. "Iâ€| well, I just thought that now was as good as any time and-"

"You have a girlfriend." The words escaped Kageyama's lips before he could check them at the exit.

"Girlfriend?" Hinata tilted his head to the side, utterly confused at the idea.

"Yeah," he continued with a little hesitation. "I overheard you talking to her yesterday, and you were late to practice and-"

Hinata laughed. He laughed so hard that he fell to the ground. "What are you laughing at, you dumbass?" Kageyama, originally quiet and subdued, could feel his anger rising. What the hell was up with this dumbass. What the hell was going on?

"I don't have a girlfriend." Oh. "Are you talking about Natsu? That's my little sister." Oh. Needless to say, Kageyama felt incredibly embarrassed. He looked away from Hinata, arms crossed stubbornly. Hinata's laughter subsided, and he offered his hand to Kageyama to pull him up. Kageyama, despite his anger, pulled him up. "Holy crap, were you jealous?" Kageyama's face twisted for a moment, and he pushed the boy down.

"Don't be ridiculous." Yes. Despite the standoffish posture, his eyes betrayed his relief. It was just a misunderstanding. Phew. He grabbed Hinata's hand and pulled him up quickly. The boy stumbled forward into Kageyama, where he leaned down and met the stumble with a kiss on the forehead. "Does that answer your question?"

Hinata turned bright red at the gesture. "I-Iâ€|"

"Lunch is over. Let's go back." His voice was as sharp as ever, his attitude nothing different from his usual. However, it felt as if the tension between them had loosened. They walked closely in the halls, pushed together by the bodies going back and forward, fingertips barely touching. When practice finally came around, they walked

together as usual, nothing out of the ordinary. Everything seemed to be as usual. Sugawara shot them a knowing smile. Everything was as it should be.

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><p>Cross-posted on AO3 and Tumblr. Hope you guys enjoyed! Please review.<p>

End  
file.